

A Wang Foo Story by Sydney C. Partridge

to you. I came to say good-by."

"You know, Charlotte, that I wish you were with all my heart. May you be loved and appreciated as you deserve to be."

She looked him straight in the eyes and said, "Perhaps, that I could have been that man, loving you and understanding you better?"

"No," said he, "my friend. Don't let's talk about what's past. And don't let's try to deceive ourselves. Let us end the matter smilingly."

She looked about the room, at the tables covered with books and the pictures on the wall.

"Nothing is different here. Only you and I are different."

He turned toward on a little secretary, tightly closed.

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

The Last of the Mohicans.

ON the days when the American Indians were subetting large slices of the continent to anybody who had a handful of beads and a bottle of rum, and when the white man decided to fight over lease rights, the French marched on Fort William Henry, held by the English under a Scotsman named Munro, who sent out a C. Q. D. for able-bodied assistance, but got only a few boy scouts.

Meanwhile, Munro's two daughters, Cora and Alice, craving excitement, set out to join their papa in the final fight. Accompanied by Hawkeye, who was sweet on Alice, an Indian guide called Magua for short,

that they chanced upon the trusty scout, Hawkeye, and his bronze platoon friend "Chingachrook," who was none other than the father of the last of the Mohicans.

"Listen, Hawkeye," Chingy was saying. "I am next to last of the Mohicans, and Uncas he absolutely last. First Mohicans own this place. Then come Dutch. Give Mohicans heap hot firewater. Zowie! ugh! Too much woodcraft alcohol! Mohicans gone on bum. Turn up toes. Zip! All gone. Bye-bye!"

Hawkeye interrupted the prohibition oration to ask the way. Hawkeye, seeing that they were trapped, led them to a cave, while Magua disappeared into the unshaven scenery. The wretch soon tracked our heroines and heroes to their cave, where a des-

"You come, no resist, he sweet papoose to big Sweet Popper. Then sister go home by herself, huh? "You didn't know stove-polished varmint," shrieked Cora. "I will not allow my sister to go home by herself!"

"I should trouble my face," grunted Magua, using the quaint Indian equivalent for a popular song. "Have lady tortured, please."

Just as a persuasive redskin raised his hand to slap the white girl, a conundrum cracker, a shot rang out on the still 3:45 a. (p.m.). Crack! The crackle bit the air. It was not another than our friend Hawkeye, accompanied by Uncas, the last of the Mohicans, a led and guided by Chingachrook, the next to the last. In the contest that ensued nobody but the two girls escaped. The girls chewed the real estate except Magua. The captives were freed in a short time entered William Henry, where a real fight was progressing.

Coras and her French and Indians were too much for the English

tion. Heyward got by in the costume of a medicine man. Gamut, the singing teacher, had escaped merely by being taken as the Indians likely to be of that sort of thing.

They found Alice a prisoner, and also Uncas, the ultimate Mohican. They gathered an army of Delaware Indians to go back and free Cora. Magua's forces were crushingly defeated, but the vengeful Indian grabbed Cora and ran off with her to the mountains. Uncas, Heyward and Hawkeye pursued them hotly.

At last, after a long and arduous journey, the girls, joining a convenient precipice, Cora and Alice was up. She didn't have a sweetheart anyway, and she knew she was no good to the plot.

"Woman," cried Magua, raising his pork chop whittler, "choose—the wigwag!"

Whoof! Uncas, the last of the Mo-

A black and white woodcut illustration. On the left, a man in a turban and long robe stands with his back to the viewer, holding a long staff. On the right, a woman in a long, patterned dress stands with her hands on her hips, looking towards the man. The background features a tree on the left and a crescent moon in the sky on the right.

William Ganutt, they hit the trails through the thicket toward Fort William Henry.

Suddenly out of the underbrush gleamed an animated sugar advertisement—a hand-painted Indian. Either Magua or the tobacco trust was leading them into a trap. It was well

ammunition of our heroes having fled, but our wily scout had wisely slipped off toward Fort William Henry to secure aid, but Magua and his band meant to capture the girls and their companions.

Magua nudged Cora in the short ribs.

The population of the island was so small that the sight of so many available palefaces roused the envy of the Indians, and the three girls and their companions were scalped. Magua, who never overlooked a bet, was present and captured Cora and Alice.

Munro, Hawkeye and Heyward, who had passed the massacre, returned to find the girls missing, and picked up the trail of the villainous Magua. They came to an Indian village, and Hawkeye, who had the instincts of a clever detective, disguised himself as a bear and roamed around without molestating

the population. He saw the girls being thrown down the mountain and was present to witness the scene. Uncas couldn't get up in time to save them, but he and Cora were the only ones who escaped.

The evil Magua leaped several fissures, but lost his foothold and grasped precariously at a bush that grew out into the precipice. He pulled himself up slowly.

There was no one other than our faithful Hawkeye's knife that spoke.

Magua shook his fist defiantly as he slipped to his death. He had no knife, but it didn't do him any good when he hit the bottom.

ney nor window, a single door serving the purposes of all three. A member of the Carnegie

eled there, reports that in these low-lying one-room hovels a peat fire is kept burning day and night and in the soot-begrimed interior the inhabitants eat and sleep. These houses are built of stones and the tenants live as of undressed stone piled together without mortar and thatched with turf. Because of the constant rain and wind, the thatch must be frequently renewed, hence they are made so low that it is often difficult to dismount from the roof after rounding rocky fields.

The Hebrides Islands exceed 500 in number, of which only the seas are inhabited. Thirty of the inhabited islands have a population of only ten persons, and the remainder are in a group entirely uninhabited. The population of the entire Hebridean archipelago is about 100,000, or less than one square mile. They lie a few miles off the west coast of Scotland, the Orkneys and Shetlands being farther north. Harris, North Uist, South Uist and Benbecula, while Skye, Mull, Islay and Barra are the principal isles of the Inner Hebrides.

Bathed in the warm waters of the Gulf stream, the climate of the Hebrides is milder than that of the mainland, considering the latitude, and there is an average rainfall over the entire group of about 100 inches, or more, per year, which often amounts to over 100 inches at the coast. In spite of this, the climate is not so damp and muggy as less. How Moncrieff tells of a woman who, having lived all her life in the Orkneys, remarks that she except that it must look like a cabbage. They present more often the appearance of a bog of rocks (granite or gneiss), water, sand and bog, "where the sea is all islands and islands are all sea," as Moncrieff describes their common features on the days of the week as:

A day of fall of rain.
Lung, low, late covered with rain.
Lung, low, late covered with rain.

Translated from the French by
WILLIAM L. McPHERSON.

DIERRE VIRIET, the historian, had shut himself up for the day in his library. He had given orders to admit nobody. Nevertheless, his pale cheeks and his watery smile, and announced one of his unexpected callers whom it is simply impossible to turn away.

"It's Mme. Charlotte!"

"Bah!"

"Monsieur understands that he couldn't refuse."

He saw that Pierre Viriet, a little annoyed by the liberty which the valet, long intimate with his master, had taken in coming in.

He got up out of his chair and prepared to greet the visitor.

Charlotte, however, in her memories she had been charming, undoubtedly. She had been distinctly handsome, and she had been a friendship for her had not been without clashes, though it had lacked any real passion.

The break between them had come almost of itself, and it was as if she had heard of her only indirectly, in chance conversation with another woman, that she had been the object of her curious sincerity of vision. He had practically forgotten her, and the first such forgetfulness would have seemed to him unnatural and impossible.

"Be seated, please. Charmed would be a better word."

Pierre, you say that without conviction."

She smiled, but with a faint suggestion of melancholy.

"It is not that. It is rather our fault than that of our poor valet, that we don't want things to last. But we loved each other all the same."

There was a silence. Both were embarrassed. She pulled herself together and began:

"It is curious that I should come here to say the word which puts a definite end to our little romance. I know well that you will offer no protest. And as for me, my mind is made up. Possibly you have already heard that I am going to be married."

"Yes. Is it love or only friendship which I feel for the man who is to be my husband? In either case, I put my hand on my forehead and I don't know him. He is not of our world. His name would mean nothing to you. I came to Charlotte, that I wish you happiness with all my heart. May you be loved and appreciated as I have loved and appreciated you."

She looked him straight in the eyes.

"You think, perhaps, that I could have been so stupid as to give you an understanding you better?"

"No; no reproaches, my friend. Don't let us quarrel. Let us be friends. And don't let's try to deceive ourselves with phrases. Let us end the matter."

She looked about the room, at the table covered with books and the bookshelves.

"Nothing is different here. Only you and I are different."

"I am married to a little secretary. I am slightly closed."

(Continued on Sixth Page.)